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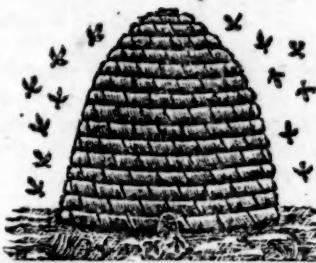
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"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. V.

UPON entering the inn, we found decent accommodations and a still house, we soon discovered, however, that our quiet depended on the host, who was shortly after called out, on some business abroad. His absence was no sooner known, than such a clamour commenced by the children in an adjacent room, as evidenced the want of the father's presence. Each one, in endeavoring to raise his voice above the others, contributed all he could to the concert, which was accompanied with a treble by the mother's reiterated declarations, of "Be quiet! I'll tell your father." You Si—"mon, be still, I'll tell your father." "Why "Nathan! what did you strike your brother "for? Well, I'll tell your father the moment "he comes home."

I sat amusing myself with observing the different effects which were produced upon my fellow passengers, by this farce.—Disgust knit the brows of some, and laughter shook the frame of others, while placid contemplation dignified the countenance of the gentleman before mentioned; who, after a considerable silence, remarked to the lady, that in this music, *harmony* depended, he believed, on the father's voice.

In any other instance, said she, of a similar nature, I should find it difficult to preserve my patience, but, from the present example I receive pleasure.

How so madam?

Why, sir, here is a copious subject for animadversion, and I promise myself the pleasure and the benefit of your remarks tomorrow. He thanked her for the compliment, and observed that the remarks of an individual might amuse for the time, but could produce little advantage in society, until the tyrant *fashion* should be in a measure under the control of reason. It is with us too much a fashion, said he, to reduce the respectability, and depreciate the influence of your sex; that sex on whose management must depend, in a very great extent, the manners and the morals—consequently the happiness and the misery of the world at large.—Reason would dictate, there-

fore, that the influence and authority of your sex, on whom so much depends, should be supported by ours. It is also a fashion, too general I fear, for you to join us, in destroying your own influence. Witness the present example, where the mother, by transferring the whole domestic government to the father, does all in her power to render herself contemptible, her children perverse, and her husband tyrannical. In both these cases, reason and fashion are at warfare. I once, and only once in my life, said he, knew an instance of a father's governing his children, by threatening to tell their mother; barely mentioning the circumstance is sufficient to place him in that ridiculously contemptible light, in which every mother labors to place herself, who pursues a similar course. Here, a sudden silence in the next room, announced the return of our host. We supped in peace and retired for the night.

While the driver was securing our baggage in the morning, a gentleman came up to the stage, who was acquainted with some of the passengers; by him we found that our agreeable companion was a physician, of whom good sense and observation, had made a moral philosopher; cheerfulness and good humor, a pleasing associate; integrity, a disinterested friend; and, benevolence, a philanthropist. I shall henceforth distinguish him by the appellation of Doctor.

Upon resuming our seats, we found that the politician had left us, and that a woman had taken his place.—The Doctor introduced the continuation of his remarks, by observing that the numerous instances which were presented in our journey, of defects in government and education, would furnish him with abundant means of argument; which, by those facts, might be rendered more forcible and conclusive, than if he had been indebted to imagination for creating them.

For the want of rendering virtue and wisdom fashionable and honorable, said he, we are daily suffering a multitude of evils; but instead of attempting to enumerate them, I will confine my observations to those which have presented themselves to our notice in this short journey; commencing with the

group of children whose advanced progress in pernicious habits, first introduced this conversation. You doubtless must have observed that the different appearances of those children evinced their belonging to families of very different standing in society;—the genteel figure, and neat dress of some, proved the care which had been taken of their persons, while their unbecoming language shewed the want of similar care respecting their morals. The slovenly guise and tattered garments of others, particularly the tallest one, were sufficient evidences of total neglect, had they been silent—but, had testimony been wanting, it was offered in their imprecations. The tall boy, whom I just mentioned, appeared to me to be the head of a gang, who had been swindling the others of their money, and was then engaged in swearing them into a patient acquiescence. Here was a gambling table in miniature, where avarice, and fraud were inculcating the basest practices, while anger and revenge were brought forward as auxiliaries in the contest. Scenes of this kind, in which the turbulent passions are, so early in life, called into effective operation, and cultivated by frequent exercise, leave us no room to doubt of the pernicious effects of evil associations, or of the original source of those public crimes, against which bolts, and locks, and laws, are but feeble barriers.

Most civilized states enact laws, in prohibition of profane swearing, and of gambling; but few, if any, descend to the *first introduction* of those practices, or direct their remedies to the source of the evil. Now if you should sow noxious and useless herbs in your garden, or permit others to sow them, and then enact a law that no weeds should grow therein; what must be the extent or form of that law, to produce the effect, for which it was written?

My law, said the lady, should first prohibit the *sowing* of weeds, and then enjoin the *extracting* of those which might rise, as soon as they made their appearance.

And this, said he, would be effectual, either in the natural or mental garden;—it would prevent vice and folly from stalking with unblushing front, among the rising

generation, whence moral evil gains such ascendancy in society.

Ah! said the woman who last entered the carriage, children *will* be children.

That is precisely what I wish them to be, replied the Doctor, and to assist in keeping them such, during minority, the ancients and moderns have furnished us with fables, to promote our endeavors in guarding them from acting like brutes. The fox and the goose, the lion and the ass, &c. were written for this express purpose; now no judicious parent would wish to see his child become the fox, the goose, the ass, or the lion. Frequent short sayings of a similar kind, which originated with the indolent, the ignorant, and the stupid, *to screen parental negligence*, were all that this woman could offer in the conversation. I shall therefore distinguish her by the name of *Mrs. Short Metre.*

[*Boston Weekly Magazine.*]

ON FLATTERY.

WHEN reflecting on the pernicious consequences of flattery in society, I almost wonder it is not banished from the polite and elegant circles of genteel life, rather than cherished with so much cordiality. For to every modest, sensible mind, the concited compliments of unmeaning gallantry, must be embarrassing and unpleasant. They naturally excite distrust, and occasion a reserve on our part, which not only precludes the refined pleasure of disinterested friendship, but destroys the happy effects of easy, unaffected conversation, that, uninfluenced by passion, has no other objects than information and amusement. Why then do men flatter women? because, forsooth, they would gain our affections thereby; either to gratify their inordinate vanity or to make themselves our masters. Now, this, in my opinion is like coquetry, is wanton cruelty, and must ever be productive of private misery. The little, foolish, inflated, imaginary "Angel," descending into the humble department of a domestic wife, cannot feel superlatively happy on finding herself a mere mortal, subject to the tyrannical will of man. I say tyrannical, because the wretch who basely flatters himself into power seldom fails to abuse it.

Adulation is not requisite to gain the favor of a virtuous woman. If the lover be sincere, and possess a soul congenial with hers, his merit and a thousand little delicate attentions, that would be no way inconvenient to carry through life, will sufficiently plead his cause, without his ever appearing what, she must despise, and he, in his heart abhor—a whining hypocrite or fawning slave. The fallacious arts used by mankind may delude the vain, and surprise the unwary: but on the wise and prudent, I trust they will have a different effect.

I am one of those, on whom nature has been parsimonious of personal attractions;

nor can I boast of superior mental endowments; yet valuing myself on the rectitude of my intentions, I always love praise, when conscious of deserving it. 'Tis a tribute I receive with gratitude from my friends and family. But when Strephon tells me, abruptly, I am "pretty," I feel injured and confounded at his low estimate of my understanding—Disconcerted and unfurnished with a proper reply, the fear, that my silence will be imputed to a wrong cause, increases my confusion: Nor is it diminished, when Alexis, who never saw me perform half a dozen good actions in his life, assures me I am "the best girl in the world." I strongly suspect his sincerity, or feel hurt at the oblique reflection he casts on my sex, whose honor it is mine to defend, with a zeal disproportioned to my strength. Let men cease to adore women for those evanescent charms that fade before the meridian of our day, and allowing us a rational fellowship, we will become more studious to acquire **WISDOM** and **VIRTUE**, deathless beauties that bloom forever, and excite new admiration to eternity—engageth for the better part of her sex,

SONORA.

BIOGRAPHY.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

NO person makes a more distinguished figure in the history of England, than Oliver Cromwell. The revolution that he effected in the English government, will ever stand a monument of his matchless skill and valor.

This man was born in the year 1599, he descended from respectable ancestors; but his father's circumstances were far from affluent. However, as Oliver was an only son, he had a decent education, and was sent to the University at the age of seventeen, but his father dying after he had been there two years, he was called home by his mother, who had engaged in the brewing business. His irregular conduct displeased her, and she caused him to engage in the study of law at London; here he paid less attention to his studies than his pleasures; he was famous for dissipation and vice. The study of law never pleased him, and upon a small estate being left him by a relation, he left it and retired into the country, where he became as remarkable for the strictness of his morals and religion, as he was before for dissipation. He was a zealous member of the church of England, until he paid his addresses to a lady of different persuasion, when he gave the first instance of that duplicity, that ever after so strongly marked his character; he turned Puritan and married the lady.

He was a member of parliament and distinguished himself by a spirited opposition to every measure of the king. He did as much as any one towards bringing on the civil war, in which he served on the popular

side and displayed such military skill, that he was raised to the rank of Lieut. General. In this station he brought the war to a termination by beheading the king, and obliging his son to flee the kingdom. The government was then vested in a parliament, but Cromwell still remained at the head of the army, which was ever ready to obey his commands and further his schemes; and when he grew displeased with the parliament, he dispersed them by his soldiers and governed alone.

Several insurrections were raised against his government, but they proved ineffectual he quelled them all.

Possessing the power, Cromwell was desirous of the title of king; he repeatedly consulted his friends on the subject, who constantly opposed his wishes; even the army would not support him in his pretensions, and he was obliged to desist.

Towards the latter part of his life, he was so fearful of being assassinated that he went constantly cloathed with a coat of mail and double armed.

He died on the 3d September, 1657, having a few hours before his death, named his son Richard his successor, and was buried in Westminster, with all the pomp and magnificence of a king.

But his bones rested not in peace. When Charles the second was restored to his throne, the body of Cromwell was taken from his tomb, and after being treated with the greatest indignity, thrown to rot on a dunghill.

REMARKABLE.

SINGULAR.

A woman died lately at Cadoxstone, where her mother, aged seventy years, took the infant of her deceased daughter, and placing it at her own breast, received an immediate supply of milk for its support. The singularity of this event caused many inquiries; and a gentleman in the neighborhood, of the highest respectability, has come forward and affirmed that the woman's age is seventy-two, that the infant thrives very fast, and that the milk is as fine as that of any young woman.—The last child of the grandmother was the daughter above-mentioned, who died at the age of thirty-five!

A most extraordinary overgrowth.

Captain Andrews, who arrived at Salem, on the 20th ult. from Eckwarden, has furnished the following description of a child of most uncommon bulk, whom he saw at Oldenburg. It was a girl, in the sixth year of her age. She weighed 165 pounds English weight—her height was four feet two inches—she measured round the waist four feet one inch—the circumference of her head was two feet four inches round—the calf of her leg, one foot five inches. It was

kill, that General, to a ten- and oblig- The go- ment, but ad of the obey his- nes; and e parlia- diers and — I agains- effectual was de- peated- ect, wh- in the ar- s preten- ., he was he went mail and 657, hav- imed his buried in and mag- . When l to his as taken tated with rot on a ——————

with great difficulty she could walk across the room, and appeared to be very much distressed for breath; and her frame seemed scarcely able to sustain such a load of flesh. Her mother was a very small woman, and has had several children. She said that a gentleman had offered her £1500 sterling for the loan of the child for a twelvemonth, to carry to England as a sight. She has been carried to Hamburg and Bremen, with her mother, and exhibited in those cities.— The above description may be depended upon, as Captain Andrews was so struck with her appearance, that he was at the trouble of taking the dimensions himself.

AMUSING.

HOW TO PREVENT DWELLING-HOUSES FROM BEING HAUNTED.

MANY people whose circumstances might enable them to enjoy even more than a common portion of domestic felicity, are rendered miserable, by reason that the houses they live in are *haunted*. A fiend, of a most frightful aspect, enters even their bolted doors, stalks through their kitchens, parlours, and bed-chambers, making frightful noises—sometimes hoarse, sometimes shrill—overturning the chairs, tables, crockery, &c. and throwing every thing into confusion. The name of this foul fiend is *Domestic Discord*; and it is of that species of demons, which, when once having obtained strong possession, is almost impossible to be cast out.—Therefore I shall propose means to prevent the evil, rather than remedies for its inveterate stage of existence.

Before giving your hand in marriage, examine critically the character of the person with whom you propose forming this important connection; and prefer those qualities which will *wear well*, to such as are merely showy. A fine face, a genteel air and figure, a charming voice, ready elocution, quickness of wit,—however attractive—are poor substitutes for sound sense cultivated by useful education, prudence, integrity, benevolence, together with the residue of the train of domestic virtues.

Expect not unalloyed felicity in the marriage state. Such an unreasonable expectation must ever prove the parent of disappointment. If you think your bride an angel, or that the man who gives you his hand in marriage, will through life act the part of a hero in romance, a few years, perhaps a few months or weeks, will show you your mistake; and the never failing disappointment of such romantic expectations tends to produce coldness, alienation, and bitterness of mind. The Angels “neither marry, nor are given in marriage;” this kind of contrast and relation is between mere mortals, who, at best, have some failings which must be overlooked or patiently borne.

As before marriage, you cannot be too critical; afterwards you can hardly be too

candid in your judgment of each other. If you find some unexpected flaws in temper or foibles in character, assiduously endeavor to cure them, not by reproaches, but by all the winning arts of prudence and benevolence; or if they should prove incurable, bear them, as much as possible, with good humor. Mean-while look steadfastly and chiefly on the bright side of character; and see whether the good qualities do not balance or even outweigh the faulty ones. Your wife perhaps is peevish in her temper and sometimes scolds; but if she is neat, industrious, frugal, faithful to all your interests, you have more cause for self-congratulation than for murmuring—Perhaps your husband is hasty and choleric—when he uses passionate expressions toward you, let not the law of kindness depart from your tongue, but requite them with mild and soothing words: If you be yoked with a fool, an habitual drunkard, or an unfeeling brute, all this will not avail, but if your husband be a man of understanding and sensibility of heart, by patience and good humor, on your part, you will be able to calm the tempest and smooth the asperities of his mind.

Ever prize the *chain of domestic friendship* as the choicest of all your household furniture; frequently examine every link; if any should grow weak, strengthen it; should any happen to gather rust, burnish it until its lustre be fully restored:—so will you shun the grievous calamity of many, that of living in an *haunted house*.

FASHIONABLE ARGUMENT.

“WHAT must a man do that is insulted?” vociferated Frothley, who was upholding the practice of duelling. “Do,” quoth the corporal, “do as reason dictates; if insulted by an *INFERIOR*—pity him: if by a *SUPERIOR*—despise him.” “I would fight him,” said Frothley. “And die?” interrogated the corporal. “He or I should die,” replied Frothley. “You would die like a fool,” rejoined the corporal. Anger kindled a fire in the countenance of Frothley. “Perhaps you mean to insult me,” said he, assuming an erect posture, and looking fiercely at the corporal. “And if I did, what would you do?” asked the corporal. “Fight you,” replied Frothley, casting a scrutinizing eye at the corporal, to observe whether he was intimidated. The corporal remained calm. “As war’s my trade,” said he, “I have no objection to exchange a shot.”—

“Done! where shall we meet?—I will blow you into eternity in a crack.” “We have met already,” rejoined the corporal, deliberately bringing a brace of pistols from the closet—“there is a pair of killing little devils,” added he, throwing them upon the table—“take your choice—the room is our field—our distance the length of the table. Come, are you ready?” The colour fled from the face of Frothley. “We—we will

meet in the morning,” said he, trembling. “We will fight this instant,” quoth the corporal, with firmness. Frothley attempted to reply, but his voice faltered. The corporal had too much goodness of heart to carry the joke any farther; and, therefore, after extorting a promise of better conduct from Frothley, he bid him depart, adding—“When you have a disposition to fight, mind you don’t get the wrong sow by the ear.”

[Balance.]

The retort valiant.—Two gentlemen of the city of Bath having high words at a coffee-house, one of them was seen the ensuing morning taking the mean revenge of chalking “*a rascal*,” upon the door of his opponent. The latter afterwards called at his house, and was informed by the servant that his master was not at home, but asked if he would leave any message for him.—“No,” replied he, “you may tell him I merely called out of compliment, *having been informed that he left his name at my door yesterday morning*.”

“Doctor,” said a London lawyer, who was lately examining a mine in Cornwall, to a clergyman, his friend, who stood at the top, “as you know all things, from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to that in the infernal regions?” “I cannot exactly ascertain the distance,” replied the divine, “but let go your hold, and you’ll be there in a minute.”

A fashionable young countess, asked a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flower, *roses* or *tulips*? He replied, with great gallantry, “your ladyship’s *two-lips* before all the roses in the world.”

The great Dr. DESAGULIER being invited to make one of an illustrious company, one of whom, an officer present, being unhappily addicted to swearing in his discourse, at the period of every oath, would continually ask the Doctor’s pardon. The Doctor bore this levity some time with patience; he was at length necessitated to silence the swearer with this fine rebuke: “Sir, you have taken some pains to render me ridiculous (if possible) by your pointed apologies; now sir, I am to tell you, if *God Almighty* does not hear you, I assure you I will never tell him.”

A silly fellow company with Lady F—, and wanting his servant, cried out “Where is my blockhead?” “Upon your shoulders,” replied the lady.

A duel was lately fought between two country squires, on the plan of the satirical rencontre in “*FOLLY AS IT FLIES*,” and after exchanging shots like *Cursitor* and *Post Obit*, one second proposed their shaking hands, on which the other observed, there is no occasion, their hands have been *shaking* all the time.

POETRY.

[Whatever may be thought of the poetry of the following Horatian Ode, no one will deny that the sentiments are those of a gentleman and man of honor.]

EXCESS.

WHILE so various our faculties, passions, and views,

How comes it, so few can true happiness find?
'Tis because man, whate'er be the course he pursues,

Still aims to be more, than what nature design'd.
'Tis because with contempt moderation we see,

To be wise, happy, great, or good, none ever tries;
But, with ceaseless exertion, all labor to be

Too great, or too happy, too good, or too wise.

To be man and no more, man should limit his care,

And hold the mid station 'twixt angel and brute;

Active virtue composing his every day's wear,

And harmless enjoyment his holiday suit.

But while, moderation despising, we strive,

In pleasure, or virtue, perfection to gain,
From excess to excess through life's ocean we drive,

And the harbour of happiness seldom attain.

Some, holding that man but exists to enjoy,

Bid their days, wing'd with rapture, voluptuously fly;

Others, finding that libertine pleasures soon cloy,

Reject the delight which their senses supply.

Like maniacs, the first wildly riot along;

Forlorn, to the last, seems their earthly abode:

Both fly to extremes; find, too late, they were wrong,

And have miss'd the true blessing, which chequer

life's road.

The hermit with man and with nature at strife,

Shunning pleasure, and careless who sink or who

swim,

Leads, alone and inactive, a dull selfish life.

Neither useful to others, nor pleasing to him.

Nor e'er by such cold flinty hearts can be prov'd,

That sunshine which cheers the benevolent breast,

Who, by loving his neighbor, has made himself lov'd,

And, in blessing another, can make himself blest!

The rake, from all conscience and prejudice free'd,

God and man in pursuit of enjoyment defies;

Tho' prudence may warn him, tho' virtue may plead,

Invited by pleasure, still onward he flies.

But ne'er tastes the libertine's lip that sweet stream,

Unsullied, which flows in life's crystalline bowl,

When love joins with nature, with passion esteem,

And the senses scarce equal in rapture the soul.

Despis'd be the hermit, detested the rake;

The last is a villain, the first is a fool:

Not theirs be the lives which for models I take;

Not theirs be the maxims my conduct to rule.

I aim not at virtues for man too sublime;

I'll pervert not my pleasures, by vicious excess;

But, while beauty and wine aid the progress of time,

May honor and sense their encroachment repress.

When remorse with my kisses its poison would blend,

May beauty's soft bosom ne'er rest upon mine;

When the grape proves my tyrant, no longer my friend,

O lips, may I ne'er again bathe you in wine!

But when fellow-feelings have made my heart melt,

Or my spirits are sunk by the pressure of care,

May love give me thanks, that for others I've felt,

And wine give me strength my own sorrows to bear.

Let honor the pleasures I covet approve;

Or never by me shall those pleasures be tried;

Let the kiss I solicit be granted by love;

Or still to my lips may that kiss be denied!

And when, for my sorrows a solace to find,

I bid in my goblet Champaigne sparkle high,

May each globe on its surface recal to my mind,

A tear, drawn by kindness from gratitude's eye.

MORAL AND USEFUL.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

[The following friendly advice to the industrious poor; or how to make much of a little, in times of scarcity, may probably excite attention at the present period.]

THE poor man who roasts or broils his meat, throws half of it into the fire.

The poor man who boils it, throws half away in the water.

The poor man who turns it all into broth, with a little flour, oat-meal, rice, or pease, according to their price, wants the less bread, and has twice the quantity for his money.

Onions are the best of herbs. The idolatrous Egyptians worshipped them;—better worship them than the gin bottle.

The poor always get the best penny-worth who buy where most sit together in the open market; and bargains are always cheapest at the latter end of the day.

The poor who deal on trust may expect to be grievously cheated; for many shopkeepers suppose they mean to cheat them; therefore, they strive to be beforehand with them. The ready penny always fetches the best bargain.

They that can scarce keep themselves or a child, should never keep a dog.

Gin is poison; he that drinks it gives himself false spirits for a time, and rots his liver all the while. If a gin-maker be not the greatest enemy to the public, a gin-drinker is the greatest enemy to himself and family.

A good man in bad times will live ten times better than a bad man in good times.

Let the poor do good to themselves at home, and they will find good in being at home. It is a true proverb, "God helps them that help themselves."

The poor man's profit is to be found in his time: And lost time is never to be found again. Laziness travels slow; and poverty soon overtakes it.

Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will give him strings to it. This purse will cost him nothing. They that have it will only draw the strings as frugality directs, and will always find an useful penny at the bottom of it.

The servants of industry are known by their dress; it is always whole and wholesome.—Next look at the ragged slaves of laziness, and then ask, who serves the best master?

The fear of God will make a man think well and act well; and, when he needs it, God will provide him a friend. Did you ever find a sincere, but poor christian, a common beggar?

The man who laughs at the fear of God, is your worst enemy, and teaches you to be your own enemy also.

Remember sin is the greatest evil—the salvation of Christ, the greatest good; and

grace to change the heart, the poor man's richest treasure. Let the poor man then find his way to that place of worship where he thinks he can meet with the best advice on Sunday, and go like an honest man to his labor on Monday: Following these simple rules, he will be happy twice over—*happy in time—happy to all eternity.*

MAXIMS.

THE drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall cover a man with rags.

Who hath woe?—Who hath sorrow?—Who hath contention?—Who hath babling?—Who hath wounds without cause?—Who hath redness of eyes? They who tarry long at the wine: At the last it will bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder.

Show me an habitual toper, and I will show you the most foul and the most despable beast on earth.

Love to God and Love to Man.

WE cannot love God, unless we love our brethren also. The love of God and the love of our brethren both proceed from the same principle, and the same state of the heart. As, so, from the heart, there cannot possibly proceed love to God and hatred to men. A religious principle cannot be divided by its being half good and half bad, or by its having quite opposite and contradictory objects. Our Savior tells us, that we "cannot both serve God and Mammon;" that is, the bent of the mind cannot be directed by two perfectly opposite objects at the same time, so, he whose heart is false, and is bent on malice and injustice towards his brother, cannot love God. As both duties proceed from the same principle, the one cannot exist separately from the other.

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